Well met Gosip:

OR,

'Tis Merry when Gosips meet.

Newly Enlarged, with very Merry Songs, pleasant for Maids, Wives, and Widdows; and delightful to all that shall Read it.

LONDON,

Printed for *Tho. Vere*, and are to be Sold at the Sign of the *Angel* without *Newgate*, 1675.

By your Leave Readers.

Kind loving Friends, ſince this our caſe doth ſtand,
That we are fallen into the Printers *hand,*
And have before this time been often preſt,
To make our private Meeting, publick feſt,
And that we muſt endure, and be content,
What Men put on us in their merriment.
Pray let us not be too much plaid upon:
We met indeed, 'tis true, and paſt, and gone;
Merry we were, yet free from all Offence,
And there were no Men charg'd with our Expence.
Unto a Penny we our reckoning paid,
Then who can blame the Widdow, Wife, *and* Maid,
For Meeting, and kind Drinking each with other?
Men can their own Carowſings cloſely ſmoother;
Their Pottles and their Gallons hand to hand,
Their drinking Healths, untill they cannot ſtand;
And yet there are no Books in Rime to ſhow it:
But well, wee'l have a Wench to be our Poet,
And pay them home, becauſe they do provoke:
So pray read on, wee'l ſtand to what we ſpoke.

Widdow, Wife, Maid.

'Tis Merry when Goſsips Meet.

The CONFERENCE.

Widdow GOd-den good Couzen: Jeſu! how d'ee do?
When ſhall we eat another Dagger Pye?
You are a ſtranger: Chriſt! when met we two?
I Muſe you do not call as you go by,
What lucky Buſineſs, pray, hath brought you hither,
That we ſhould meet at Tavern door together.

Wife. In truth, kind Couz, my coming's from the Pawn.
But, I proteſt, I loſt my labour there:
A Gentleman promis'd to give me Lawn,
And did not meet me, which he well ſhall hear.
Wid. Some lets may happen in the way unknown;
Wife. He hath been hindred, that's to bide upon.

Wid. Why how now *Beſſe*? to paſs unſeen doſt think?
Where go'ſt my Wench? *Maid.* To ſee my Brother *Steven.*
Wid. Here's Widdow, Wife, and Maid, yfaith lets drink
A parting Pint, and ſo God make us even.
Slip in good Couzen, you are next the door,
One Pint in kindneſs, and away, no more.

Wife. No in good ſooth, indeed I muſt away,
My Husband's forth, our Shop muſt needs be tended,
Maid. My Mother's gone to Church, I cannot ſtay,
If I be found from home, ſhe'll be offended.
Wid. I'le lead the way my ſelf; Lord here's a Life,
I know theſe ſhifts, ſince I was Maid and Wife.

Wife. Where ſhall we be? *Vintner*, I pray go upthe Stairs.
Wife. Good Couzen no, let's take it ſtanding here.

Wid. Beshrew me then, where every one repairs,
I'le none of that, we'll have a room, my dear.
Come, come, you look that I should be your Leader.
Wife. Couz, that's because you are a nimble Treader.

Vint. Y'are welcome Gentlewomen, what Wine drink ye?
Wid. All's one to me, what say you Mistress *Besse*?
Wife. What Wine's the best for our Complexion, think ye?
Vint. I have no Physick *Wife*, yet good Brother ghesse.
Wid. Why hast thou Clarret? *Vint.* I the best in *London*.
Wid. Either fill good, be brief, or leave it undone.

Vint. Here Gentlewomen, this is neat and pure.
Wife. Pray take it Couz, you know good Wine and Beer.
Wid Good Lord, good lord, that you grow so demeure!
Lets drink familiar, wherefore come we hear?
This to you both, Couz *Grace*, and Mistris *Besse*,
A full carous, I'le have you pledge no lesse.

Tis pretty Wine in truth: nay fill your Cup;
We'll have no pingling, now we are alone:
If here were Men, I would not drink it up
For twenty pounds my self, but now all's one:
Sometime wet Lip, and smell the Wine's enuffe,
And take a Kiss, rather then marre our Ruffe.

But now lets bar dissembling to be Merry,
And in good earnest entertain our Wine;
This touch and tast, it makes the Senses weary,
What reason now we should be sooliſh fine:
No Lovers nor no Suters here that sees it,
We have good Time and Liquor, let's not leese it.

Wife. Content say I, nay *Besse*, I'le be the skinker.
Maid. In truth, forsooth, a full Cup doth excell:
Good Lord, I am become a mighty Drinker.
Wid. Another, the Fellow us'd us well.
Wife. I by my troth, the Wine is good in truth:
Fill t'other Pint. *Wid.* Prethee go right, sweet youth.

Wife.

Wife. Now Couz, here's to our Friends in *Soper Lane.*
Wid. Let come, sweet Couzen, I will pledge them all.
Wife. But Jesus Christ! what is become of *Jane*:
Wid. Oh she is gone to dwell by *London-Wall.*
Good God! (in sooth) I never was more Merry,
Then when we both did dwell in *Bucklers Berry.*

Now Heavenly Christ! how Merry we have been,
But yet one time we had a cruel stir:
A Drapers Man and she was mighty in,
Wife. I pray what she with him, or he with her:
Wid. Faith both in Love: Well *Jane*'s an honest Maid;
But Lord the Pranks that we Mad Wenches plaid.

My Mistriss got my Master to consent,
One *Midsummer*, she being very ill,
To leave the City, and to live in *Kent*;
By which good hap we had the House at will.
There *Roger*, *Jane*, and I, met every night.
Wife. Here *Besse*: good Brother fill's a Quart of White.

Wid. No Musick in the Evening we did lack.
Such Dancing, Couzen, you would hardly think it:
Whole Pottles of the daintiest burned Sack,
'Twould do a Wench good at the Heart to drink it.
Such store of tickling Galliards, I do vow,
Not one could Dance, but *John come kiss me now.*

And let them talk and praise the Marriage life,
To be so full of pleasure as they say:
I that have liv'd both Widdow, Maid, and Wife,
And try'd all Pleasure every kind of way,
Know what to do, and will maintain this still,
That of the three, Maids have the World at Will.

Wife. Y'faith they have and have not; for you know,
(Put to the door; here's none but Friends you see)
They say, *Love creepeth, where it cannot go:*
Maids must be Married lest they Marr'd should be,

I will be ſworn, before I ſaw fifteen,
I wiſht that I my Wedding day had ſeen.

Wid. Tuſh, tittle, tattle: *Beſſe*, It muſt be done:
My Couzen thinks not as her words import,
I could not for a World have liv'd a Nun:
Oh fleſh is frail, we are a ſinful ſort;
I know that beautious Wenches are inclin'd
To harbour handſome Men within their mind.

Wife. Couzen, you mean, becauſe a Maid is free,
Having no Head to keep her Body under.
She lives a Life not bound ſo much as we:
The jeſt is ſimple, and it makes we wonder.
That you that have with *Venus* ſports been fed,
Should put ſuch errors in a Maidens Head.

Wid. Nay, but I pray you underſtand my reaſon,
The youthful favors that they do attain;
For this you know, that all the wooing ſeaſon,
Suters with gifts continual, ſeek to gain
Their Miſtriſs love, to joyn with their affection,
With words and lines humbled in ſubjection.

Wife. That's very true, the bounty of their loves
Are lib'ral ſtill with many a kind reſpect:
In conſcience I had twenty pair of Gloves,
When I was Maid, given to that effect:
Garters, Knives, Purſes, Girdles, ſtore of Rings,
And many a thouſand dainty pretty things.

Wid. Well Couzen, well, theſe days in date be paſt.
Wife. 'Tis very true, with us that World doth change:
Here ſtands a cup of Wine; pray who drank laſt?
Wid. Why that did I to *Beſſe*, Lord Maids be ſtrange
They look for thouſand words of ſweet and pray,
And take few things, to which they ſay not nay.

Maid. 'Tis Maidens modeſty to uſe denial,
A willing offer cometh twice or thrice.

Wid.

Wid. But here's a cup of Wine doth ſtand for tryal;
Your Maiden-ſhip takes Liquor in too nice;
Pray mend your fault kind *Beſſe*, we'll none of that,
Wine and Virginity kept ſtale Drinks flat.

Maid. You are to blame, in truth we drink like Men;
Now by my truly I am e'en aſhamed.
Wid. Tut, Wench, God knows when we ſhall meet agai
Nor need we fear of Husbands to be blamed:
Our ſcent of Wine ſhall not by them be felt,
The Married Wife in kiſſing will be ſmelt.

Wife. Oh Couz, if that be all the worſt, I care not,
Ile take allowance even with the beſt,
This Cup to you; you ſhall not ſay I dare not:
My Husband ſmell? oh Jeſu! there's a Jeſt.
I care as little for my Husbands ſmelling,
As any Wench this hour in *London* dwelling.

Wid. 'Tis well you need not, ſure, I take him kind.
Wife. As kind a Man as Woman need to lye with.
Maid. Would I as well were fitted to my Mind,
A loving Man, who would not Live and Dye with?
Wid. My Husband did to other loves incline.
Wife. Nay, mine is conſtant, by this Cup of Wine.

Maid. Now Chriſt, how Wives and Widdows take occaſion
T'enlarge their Husbands credit or diſpraiſe!
Some Harbour jealous thoughts, ſome kind perſwaſions,
In ſome match, Men, in ſome the Woman ſtrayes;
And when they meet, they ſo diſcourſe and ſcan,
About whoſe choice hath got the kindeſt Man.

Wife. Alaſs (good *Beſſe*) thou ſpeak'ſt thou know'ſt not what,
Thy judgment is not worth a Walnut ſhell:
There is an old grave Proverb tells us, that
Such as die Maids, do all lead Apes in Hell:
I rather whilſt I live would yearly Marry,
Than waiting-maid on ſuch preferment tarry.

Maid

Maid. That Proverbs proof can do you little ſtead,
But Marryed Wives oft give and take ſuch Claps,
Taurus ſo rules and guides their Husbands Head,
That every night they ſleep in Horn work Caps.
I pray what Proverb is it that allows
The Devils Picture on your Husbands Brows.

Wid. Enough you wrangling Wenches, fie for ſhame,
Take me in Drink, leave off your diſputation:
Pray Brother fill a Pint more of the ſame.
Wife. Couzen, belike you mean to drink in faſhion;
We ſhall be trimmed, and have our Wits refin'd.
Y faith we ſhall, if you may have your mind.

Wid. Now to your Husband, Couz, this full Carouſe.
Wife. In truth I pledge you, and I thank you truly:
To all our friends, *Beſſe*, at your Mothers Houſe.
Maid. Thanks gentle Miſtriſs *Grace*, I drank but newly.
Wife. Beſhrew my Heart, this Wine is not the worſt.
Wid. Good faith methinks, 'tis better than the firſt.

Wife. But Couzen, prethee art not yet towards Marriage?
Maid. Truly I am, and am not, as it ſtands:
A Gentleman of paſſing gallant carriage,
Doth ply me hard, one that hath pretty Lands:
Handſomer Man never in Shoo did tread,
By this good Drink, a kinder ne're broke Bread.

To try his love, ſometimes I feign me ſick;
And (by this Candle) he will ſit and weep.
Wife. Now by my troth that's e'en my good mans trick;
Let me complain; Chriſt what a coyl he'll keep,
Asking what ayls my ſweet-heart, tell me Honey,
My Love, my Dove, my Lamb, my pretty Coney.

Wid. See, ſee, how ſay: *Maid.* But SirrahCouzen, then
I force a ſigh, with half a dozen Groans:

This

This comes (ſays he) to lye without a man.
Wife My Husband ſays, kind love, thou breedſt young bones,
Well *John* (ſay I) you jeſt to ſee my pain,
Then (by this Wine) the fool will weep again.

Wid. Couz, you are happy you have ſuch a one:
Make much of him, a Jewel Wench thou haſt:
But I had one would let me grunt and groane;
The verieſt Clown; but well, 'tis gone and paſt:
If he had liv'd, Couzen, I do proteſt,
I would have done a thing: well, let that reſt.

Ile never truſt a Red-hair'd man again,
If I ſhould live a hundred years, that's flat:
His turn cannot be ſerv'd with one or twain,
And how can any Woman ſuffer that?
I know 'tis better to take wrong then do it.
But yet in ſuch a caſe fleſh leads us to it.

Maid. Why is a Red-hair Man ſo bad of life?
What ſay you to a yellow flaxen hair?
Wid. Not one among a hundred true t'his Wife,
That conſtant loyal hearted thoughts doth bear;
They love, but how? as did the youth of *Greece*.
From every Wench to gain a Golden Fleece.

And they whoſe Minds have this corrupt affection,
(Becauſe I would have *Beſſe* to take good heed)
Are ſuch as are call'd Sanguine of complexion,
I prethee Girl, let no ſuch Suter ſpeed:
I ſpeak it by experience and good tryal,
Of all hair-colours, give that hair denial.

A Nut-brown colour, or an Acorn either,
May both do well, and are to be allow'd:
A waxen colour hath no great fault neither;
But for a ragged chin, I firm have vow'd,
It ſhall by me perpetually be abhorr'd,
And with my heels I ſcorn it, by the Lord.

A man whose Beard seems scar'd with spirits t'have been,
That wants the worthiest grace, bredth, length, and thickness,
And hath no difference 'twixt his nose and chin,
But all his hairs have got the falling sickness,
Whose fore-front looks like Jack-an-apes behind,
She that can love him, bears a scurvey mind.

Wife. I pray what say you to my Husband then?
The rarest complexion that you can devise.
Wid. The golden Sentence proves black bearded men
Are precious Pearls in Beautious Womens eyes;
Their loyal hearts none justly can controul,
I love a black Man, Couzen with my Soul.

Wife. Let *Besse* not this, for when I was a Maid,
And to the Love began to bow,
I gave great ear to that which Women said,
When they were Merry met, as we are now:
Yea, and my Mother did perswade me too,
Wench (would she say) note what your Elders do.

That lesson without book, was strait mine own,
She need not to repeat it over twice:
I quickly smelt what 'twas to live alone,
What to be kind in love, what to be nice.
Vint. Anan, anan, what is't (forsooth) you lack.
Wid. Sawsages, Brother, and a Pint of Sack.

Maid. No more in sadness, now 'tis time to part,
In conscience it is six a clock at least.
Wid We'll have a reckoning after th'other Quart.
Maid. They say, Enough's as good as any Feast,
Wid. Indeed my Wench, enough's a Feast, that's right;
But we want that, which lye alone all night.

Wife. You both may mend the matter when you will,
Whose fault is't but your own, you do not Marry?
God made not *Besse* to live a Maiden still.
Maid. Faith 'tis my Mothers Councel that I tarry.

She

She always ſays, when young Men come a Wooing,
Stay Daughter, ſtay, you muſt not yet be Doing.

Wid. Now in good faith, your Mother is to blame,
To wiſh ſo Womanly a Wench to ſtay:
She knows fifteen may Husbands juſtly claim.
Maid. Fifteen? why I was that laſt *Lady day*:
You are deceived, for I am no ſuch Youth,
I am ſixteen when next *March* comes, in truth.

Wid. Beſhrew my heart, but that's a goodly time,
I would to Chriſt that I could ſay ſo too;
I would not linger out my youthful prime,
Nor ſtand to ask my Mother what to do;
No, I could tell, I trow, as well as ſhe,
Towards Batchelors how Maidens ought to be.

Maid. I know ſomething too, but what of that?
Our Parents Wills you know muſt be Obey'd.
Wife. Well, ſay they muſt: yet ſhall I tell you what
A Schollar told me when I was a Maid,
Of Marriage knot, they have no power to break it;
Now by this Sack, a Learned Man did ſpeak it.

'Twas nothing but ſound truth, which he did tell:
For Husbands we our Parents muſt forſake.
Were this Wine burnt, Couzen it would do well,
Maid. Faith I was thinking on it when you ſpake:
My Mother ſays, burnt Sack is good at night.
Wife. A my word, *Beſſe*, your Mother's in the right.

Wid. Brother, I pray thee let this Wine be burn'd,
And ſee (good youth) the Sawſages be ready:
To one good meaning, our three minds be turn'd,
When Sack is ſugured, 'twill not be ſo heady.
Maid. We Drink ſo much, our Cheecks are paſſing warm.
Wife. Sweet *Eliſabeth*, good Wine can do no harm.

Yet truſt me Couzen, when I was a Girl,
For Tavern, no young Man could get me to it,
Neither for Love, Gold, Precious Stones, or Pearl:
My Tongue deni'd, when Heart inclin'd to do it.
For (by my faith) I ever lov'd good Wine,
But often refrain'd, I was ſo maiden fine.

Wid. Well, wot you *Beſſe*, to whom Ile drink to now,
Sure as I live, unto your Siſter *Siſſe*,
And to the youth that did the Angel bow,
And ſent it for a Token: truth, half this:
He loves you both, upon my word he doth:
Reſolve it, or you wrong him *Beſſe*, in ſooth.

Maid. His Love to me I little do regard,
Perhaps my Siſter doth reſpect it more.
Wid. Then *Elſabeth*, in truth you uſe him hard.
Maid. How hard? he hath his anſwer long before,
I will not love him whatſoere befall,
I'le have a handſome Man, or none at all.

Wid. Go to, go to, his Riches do excell,
Maid. A fig for Wealth, 'tis Perſon I affect.
Wid. You are a Fool, he will maintain you well.
Maid. I tell you, I a proper Man reſpect:
D'ye think that I with ſuch a Dwarf will ſtore me,
That ſhall diſgrace me, as he goes before me?

Ile have a comely Man from head to foot,
In whoſe neat Limbs no blemiſh can be ſpide:
Whoſe Leg ſhall grace his Stocking or his Boot,
And wear his Rapier Manly by his ſide.
With ſuch a one my humor doth agree,
He ſhall be welcome to my Bed and me.

Wife. *Beſſe*, and th'art wiſe, hold that opinion ſtill,
For were I to begin the World to morrow,
In ſuch a choiſe, I would my mind fulfill:
And ſo I drink to thee; come on, hang ſorrow.

Wench,

Wench, let it be thy rule at any hand,
To make thy choiſe even as thy mind doth ſtand.

Many do match (as true as this Wine)
With ſome Dunce, Clown, or Gull, they care not who;
For no cauſe but to be maintained fine,
And have their Wills in what they pleaſe to do:
When their heart love's as much in other things,
As there is vertue in mine Apron-ſtrings.

Wid. Faith 'tis too true. Fough, what a filthy ſmell?
As ſure as death I am e'en like to choke.
Maid. Methinks I feel my ſelf not very well,
Now out upon't, it is Tobacco ſmoak:
Knock Cozen, knock, here's a filthy ſmorher,
For Gods love quick, ſome Juniper, ſweet Brother.

Wid. There cannot be a more deteſted ſtink;
And yet you ſee how dainty many makes it.
Maid. As true as it is Wine that I do drink,
I would not for a Crown, kiſs one that takes it.
Wife. My Husband is ſo kind an honeſt man,
That he'll touch none, if I ſay, do not *John*.

Wid. His commendation certain is the more,
With one another we are bound to bear:
He bears with you, you favor him therefore.
Wife. Surely I do, as both of you ſhall hear,
Tis death to him to ſmell but a Goos-pye,
And therefore Goos-fleſh never do I buy.

Wid. That's a ſtrange matter, ſure I love a Gooſe,
But for a Wood-cock I did never care.
Wife. When I eat Pig, it makes my body looſe.
Maid. I love a tender Rabit or a Hare,
A Turkey pye, or Pigeon for a need,
But on groſs Butchers fleſh I cannot feed.

Wife. Couzen, when I lay in of my firſt Boy,
Lord how I long'd to eat a Partridge wing,
And when it came my ſtomack had no joy,
But all my mind was on another thing:
Thou ſhalt not lack (quoth *John*) what Gold will buy;
Why then (ſweet heart) let's have a Cherry-pye.

If *London* yield (love) thou ſhalt not lack,
So kind, methinks I hear him ſtill repeat it:
But haſting down the ſtairs, I call'd him back;
'Tis full of Stones (quoth I) I cannot eat it.
With that he kiſt me, and began to weep,
And I being ſomething heavy, fell aſleep.

But then I fell into the ſtrangeſt dream
Of fire and water that you ever heard:
And I was troubled, Couz, the moſt extream
With one all night, that had a yellow Beard:
And with a Cock had neither Spurs nor Comb,
And with the little Bitch you have at home.

Wid. Why ſurely now you talk of dreams in ſadneſs
I dream'd laſt night two Cats did leap and skip,
Playing together with great ſport and gladneſs,
Untill one came to part them with a whip.
I laughed that my heart did ake thereat,
To ſee the fooliſh fellow whip the Cat.

Wife. A pretty Jeſt: But *Beſſe*, to whom d'ee drink?
I ſpy a fault, you do your ſelf forget:
The Wine ſtands waiting in the Cup methink,
Prethee, my Wench, let's have our lips kept wet.
I pledge thee Girl: nay ſweet now drink it up,
A Goſſips round, that's every one a Cup.

Muſicians come in.

Wid. Couzen, here's Fidlers, let's hear a Song,
But look, my friends, if it be a pleaſing thing.

Maid.

Maid. I am afraid that we ſhall ſtay to long.
Wid. No, no I warrant, come on, quickly ſing.
Wife. Let it touch Men, I pray in any caſe:
This youth (methinks) will do it with a grace.

The SONG.

WHat's a Womans chief delight?
To give a man his hearts content,
How doth he the ſame requite?
Love her till the ſport be ſpent.
You that doubt it, do but try,
Men will flatter, cog and lye.

With bewitching words they ſue,
Vowing conſtant Faith and Love:
Women think their Oaths are true,
Till (poor Souls) they try and prove:
Then they find, when help is paſt,
For a night there love doth laſt.

Their own ſtories tell their lives,
How unconſtant they have dealt;
Honeſt Widows, Maids, and Wives,
Have their double dealing felt.
All will ſay, that are not blind,
Men are falſe, and Women kind.

When they vow, truſt not their ſwearing,
When they ſmile, think they will frown,
Give their flattering but the hearing,
If they can they'l put you down:
Since they ſeek your overthrow,
Keep them from the thing you know.

For to be in great requeſt,
Make your love exceeding ſtrange:
Try good earneſt out in jeſt;
Deal with flattery by change:
As they come, ſo let them paſs.
Turn diſſemblers out to graſs.

Wife. NOw God-a-mercy Boy, this Song is true,
I prethee drink, tis good to mend thy voice.
Wid. Hait thou not ſuch another that is new?
Boy. Yes, I have one is call'd, *The Maids bad choiſe*;
Penn'd by a Maid her ſelf, whoſe conſtant truth
Was lately wronged by a Merchants youth.

Wid. Sing it prethee.

The SONG.

YOu London *Maids give ear to me,*
That am in love your own,
And born within the City Walls,
Well friended, and well known.

My ſelf I will not ſeem to praiſe,
It were a note of pride:
What Beauty there is in my face,
Or comely limbs beſide.

My ready Wit, and quick conceit,
To break a nimble jeſt:
And all good parts and qualities,
I mean to let them reſt.

The Art I have in needle Work,
Embroid'ry rich in Gold.

With

With Lace, and Stitch, and every thing
That may or can be told.

For Dancing, and my skill in Song
I must and will be Mute:
My playing on the Virginals,
And tickling of the Lute.

I'll bury all my own good parts,
And of a Youth will speak;
Whose most unkind bad qualities
Do make my heart to break.

How he is call'd, I will conceal,
And not reveal the same:
Because I'le leave him like a Jew,
Without a Christian Name.

He ply'd me long as Suitors do;
(I mean these subtil Men)
And we had often Meetings too;
It skills not where, nor when.

He vow'd he lov'd me constantly,
Far dearer then his Life;
And would himself, destroy himself,
Except I were his Wife.

I being (as poor Wenches be)
Most kind where Love doth sting,
Consented to, (I shame to tell)
And let him do the thing.

This Done, which cannot be Undone,
('Tis now six Months too late)

I am turn'd off, my youth hath got
Another loving Mate.

One that hath neither wit nor wealth,
Beauty nor comely Grace;
One that is Kitchin stuff to me,
Her stock is known so base.

Fie, who would trust this wicked World?
Maidens take heed, be Wise:
I am not Widdow, Wife, nor Maid,
But of another size.

Maid. I Like this Song exceeding well indeed:
Here's six pence t'wards the Musick with my heart.
Wife, Besse, 'tis good warning, wench, for you, take heed.
Maid, Ile see him hang'd would play me such a part:
He that should come and offer but to feel,
I would e'en scorn that fellow with my heel.

Wid. Well go-to Couz, go forward with the rest,
Wife, what rest, I pray? I know not what you mean.
Wid No? why of her that is your Neighbors Guest.
Wife, 'Tis true, my gallant silken quean:
I had forgot the talk I was about.
The Fidlers coming in, clean put me out.

(Why she forsooth a'nt please you) is so fine,
She never drinks, unless she dine or Sup;
And then she hath her penny pot of Wine.
Wid. Marry and gip, some body take her up:
Some Doctors wench, a my Word for her skill,
That takes in Diet by the Dram and Pill.

Wife, My Husband doth allow me, Ile be sworn,
A Pint a Meal, as true as we sit here;

Well

I tell you as my Friends) I would e'en scorn
To Dine or Sup without it in a year:
He knows the way to please me in my Diet;
Or for a Month I shall be out of quiet.

Then if he sees me out of patience once,
O Christ how he will seek to make amends;
Then I do sigh to grieve him for the nonce,
Wherewith he'll kiss, and say, sweet Love be Friends:
I let him kiss, and speak me fair a while,
And when the sullen humour's past, I smile.

Wid. I cannot chuse but praise thy pretty Wit;
It is the very course that I would take,
Thou entertain'st his humour passing fit.
Maid, why I thought men had loved for kindness sake.
Wife, Alas plain Wench, God knows thou art not in it;
She that will settle Love, must this way win it.

Maid, Indeed I never heard that trick before;
I thought mens Love must still be fed with kindness.
Wife. God help thee, *Besse,* not one among a score;
That opinion is but Maidens blindness:
In these things thou knowest little, it appears,
But it will come, for now thou com'st to years:

Why Woman, if we seem not in behaviour
As though we car'd not greatly to consort,
They'll think, forsooth, they do us mighty favor,
And we must seem beholden for our sport:
So best in strangeness we our meanings hide,
Which makes them Love, and give good words beside.

This for your instruction, *Besse,* I have disclos'd.
Maid. In truth I yield more thanks then may be told.
Wid. Here's to you both against you be dispos'd:
Lord, while you talk the Sawsages wax cold.
Wife, Come, draw your knives; fall to, I pray begin,
You know cold puddings are not worth a pin.

Wid. How pretty ſalt they taſte? but 'tis the better;
Moſt rare, yfaith, to drink down Sack withall:
Beſſe. Pray go to; will you remain my Debter?
Why d'ye not pledge me? troth and faith you ſhall.
Maid. Nay ſure, all this? truſt me 'tis more than need,
In truth, in ſadneſs, now in very deed.

Wid. Well, if you do not, *Beſſe* you do me wrong.
Maid. You ſhall not be forſworn for twenty pound:
How't burns my Belly as it goes along.
Wife. My turn is next, and ſo it paſſeth round:
Look, Gentlewomen, is it full d'ye think?
I ſcorn to be entreated, take my drink.

Wid. Why laugh you, Couz? ſweet now let me know.
Maid. An odd conceit I think on, makes me ſmile.
When I am forth in Company, or ſo,
How by the drachm I take in Wine that while;
Kiſſing the Cup, upon the Wine I frown,
And ſo with ſmelling it, I ſet it down.

Some ſimple fool (all manners for his Wit)
Comes on me with the French Salute moſt quaintly,
And ſays, ſweet mend your draught, you drink no whit,
In troth you ſhew your ſelf too Maiden dainty:
Drink better, Lady, at my kind requeſt;
I ſay (ſweet Sir) I can no Wine digeſt.

Wid. Marry we'll bear you witneſs when you will;
I'le take my Oath on twenty Table-Books,
The laſt full Cup hath made you mighty ill:
Some *Roſa Solis*; ſee how pale ſhe looks:
Ano her Pint of that ſhe taſted laſt,
To break wind with, and then the worſt is paſt.

Wife. Good (yfaith) good, my Couz, is in the Vain,
Ile match you for it Wench, I hold a Crown:
Fill none, unleſs you'l drink about again,
Content, ſay I, you ſhall not put me down

How

How sayst thou, *Besse*, shall it be so Girl, speak?
Maid, If I make one, pray God my Girdle Break.

Wife. Talk not so loud; what will folks think that hear?
The very Vintners boy laught when you spake.
Wid. Had I seen that, I would have found his ear,
Why, Master Boy, we'll pay for what we take:
Base groom, I say, although thou tak'st me Mellow,
Know, smooth fac'd Knave, I am your Mistress fellow.

Wife. Good Lord; what ayls my Couzen be so hot?
Tush, let it pass, you know Boyes sawcy be.
Wid. It shall not be forgiven nor forgot.
Your Master lives (you strive) by such as we:
Call for a Reckoning; lets know what's to pay;
By Heaven, I scorn a Minute more to stay.

Brother, I pray, is it your Masters mind,
Your fellow Boy should flout Guests when they Drink?
Vint. My Masters will is to use you kind.
Wid. Twill scath him more, my friend, then you do think:
What is thy name? *Vint*. Forsooth my name is *Will*.
Wid. What country-man? *Vint*. Forsooth at *Fish street hill*.

Wid. *William*, we come not here to be abus'd,
There are more Taverns besides yours in Town:
We can go where we might be courteous us'd.
Vint. In truth, forsooth, my fellows but a Clown.
Wid. *William*, we have some credit where we dwell:
And *William*, Boyes should use their Betters well.

For *William*, say the case were but your own,
And that you were as we are at this season,
With Friends a Drinking where you are unknown,
Would you be flouted? *Vint*. By my faith no reason
Wid. *William*, thou answer'st like a youth of sence,
For surely, *William*, 'tis a great offence.

And *William*, I would have you understand,
We'll pay your Master for the Wine we have.
Vint. O Lord, forsooth, as sure as in my hand.
Wid. William, we come not to entreat or crave;
We meet together, *William*, at your door,
And entred for a Pint, which fell out more.

William, we will not be beholding (see ye)
Unto your Master more then to another:
'Tis for good Wine and welcome we come to ye,
Or farewell *William*, and you were my Brother:
And therefore, *William*, this abuse me scorn,
For we are *London* Gentlewomen born.

Why *William* know here's neither *Sisse* nor *Kate*.
Vint. No, so God help me, I do see you are not.
Wid Thinks Sauce your fellow, we use Parots prate?
William, our talk is honest, and we care not
If all the Parish were in place to hear it.
No by this Cup. *Vint.* Yfaith you need not swear it.

Forsooth, I trust your Wine was very good?
Wid. William, I grant the Wine was not amiss,
But that base Boy doth vex me to the blood:
William, a man would ne'er have offer'd this:
The Proverb says, *'Tis Manners that doth make.*
William, give Guests good words for manners sake.

William, when cam'st thou in this House to dwell?
Vint. Forsooth, about three years agone last *May*.
Wid. William, serve God, and please thy Master well,
'Twill be thine own, *William*, another day.
Your Masters Married, *William*, is he not?
Vint. Yes forsooth, yes, a Mistress I have got.

Wid. William, your Master hath no Children by her?
Vint. No forsooth, but I think she be with Child,
To have a Boy she hath a great desire.
Wid. So would not I, *William*, for Boyes be wilde:

Though

Though Girls cry, *William*, till they be bepist,
William give me a Girl, take Boyes who list.

Wife, Couzen, you do forget your self me think.
When *Besse* and I am come home we shall be chid.
Wid. Pray fill the Cup to *William*, le him drink.
Vint. In truth, forsooth, 'tis the last thing I did.
Wife. Good *William* drink I prethee, *Wil iam* do.
Vint. Forsooth I pledge you, and I thank ye too.

Now Gentlewomen, I intreat you speak,
And name the Wine, a Pint I will go fill.
Wife. No *Willam*, no, there's many Vintners break;
Let it alone, prethee, kind hearted *Will*;
It is enough, if you one Rule do keep,
And that is this, *Nick not your Pot too deep*.

There is much knavery in your Trade for that,
Which will not thrive, who ever use the same:
Draw brisk to *Londoners*, let clowns drink flat,
That take in Wine but onely for the Name;
Out-face the fools but with a cogging tale,
For all their judgment's in a pot of Ale.

You can perswade them that their taste is bad,
And boast your Wine, that there's no better drawn,
The like in *London* is not to be had;
When all is false, and but an outward fawn.
Wid. Couzen, we know Vintners can do amiss,
But we might have drunk *Williams* Pint by this.

Vint. Troth you shall have it instantly, I run.
Wife. Why this is your fault, Couzen, you'll not leave,
Wid. But, hang him knave, this Pint, and we have done,
So much in measure he did us deceive:
Did you not mark how every Pot lackt filling?
We'll take it kindly, cause he gives it willing.

Vint.

Vint. Here Gentlewomen, and I thank you all.
Wid. This is a Cup of Clarret doth excell:
Vint. At any time when you do please to call,
Upon my honesty I'le use you well;
While with my Master I remain a dweller,
You shall command the best that's in the Celler.

Wid. Thanks *William*, what's to pay? and now an end.
Vint. Marry, forsooth, four shillings and a penny.
Wid. Lay down the Monies prethee, none shall spend.
Couzen and *Besse*, in troth this time not any.
Hark, Bow-bell rings, I do protest 'tis late:
William, good-night, I pray take up your Plate.

FINIS.